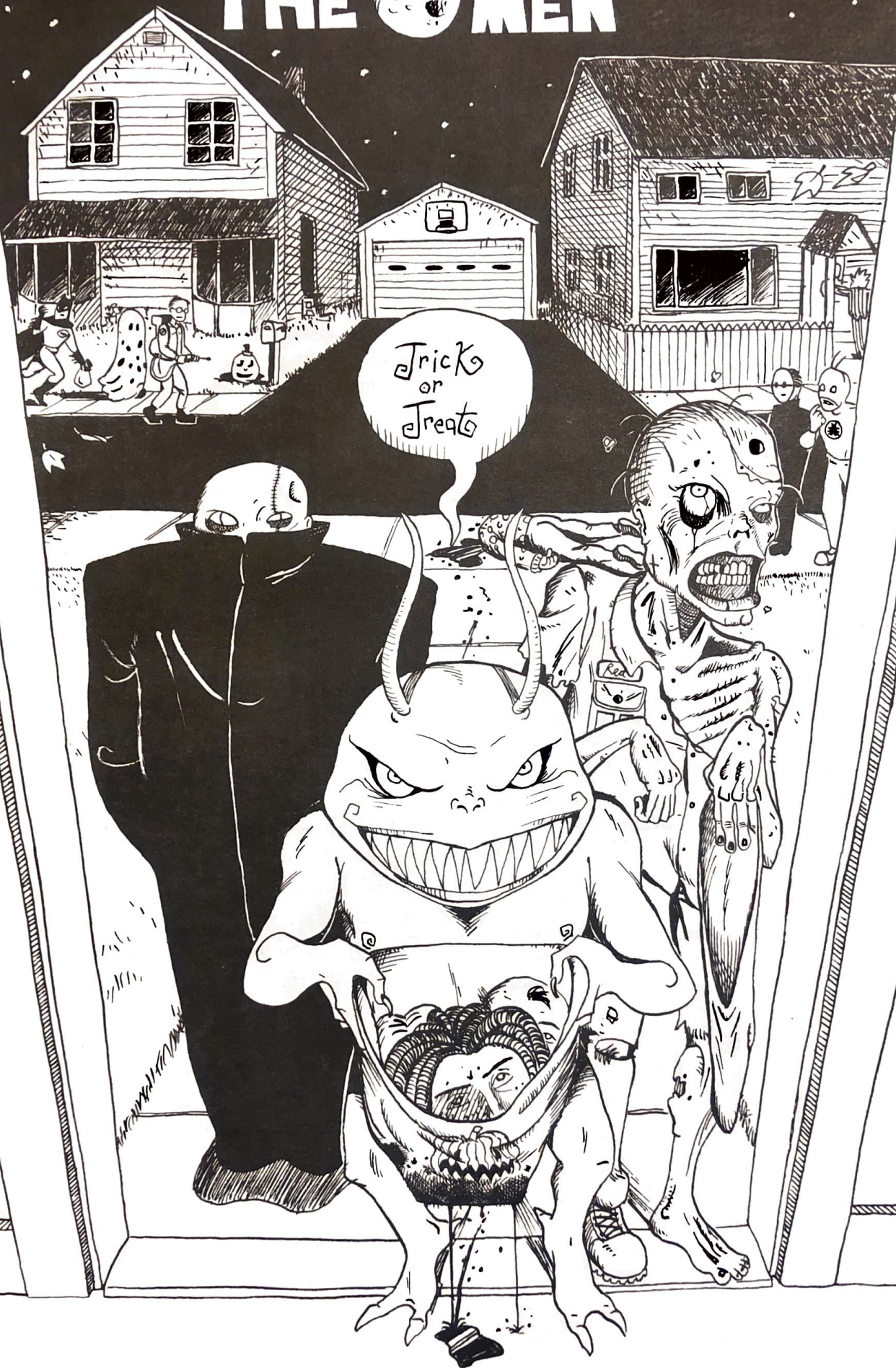


THE MEN



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The Omen

Volume 11, Number 4
October 30, 1998

Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Headless Honcho
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Mark Hugo.....	The Crimson Ghost
Aemily Reshen.....	Anti-Christ Superstar
Jeff Barnett.....	Dead
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Dave Killen.....	Bridesmaid of Chucky
Bert Cattaveri.....	Psycho
Wade Stuckwisch.....	The Impaler
Paul Boyer.....	The student that would not die
Gareth Edel.....	Evil Twin

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Brenden Tamilio
Jessica Van Scoy

"He's not a hippie. He's just retarded."

-Mark Stern



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach** (B-304, box 1127). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (A-315, x4339). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL Like it or lump it, bizatches

by Michelle Beach

The Omen has been getting a lot of public criticism lately for being a bad literary arts magazine, and also, for not being a serious publication. I would like to take this opportunity to say that the Omen is not a literary arts magazine, good or bad, it is not a serious publication and it has no desire to be either.

We are not here to be a paper of record. It is not our responsibility to report Hampshire events and record them for posterity. Instead, we report the items Hampshire community members feel are important. Perhaps this is more valuable to the future Hampshire generations than a paper just reporting the events as they happened.

The Omen is not any one thing. It's not a newspaper, an arts publication, or a humor magazine. Instead, the Omen is all of those things and more. And that is what makes the Omen what it is. Traditionally (one of the few long lasting traditions this college has), the Omen prints submissions from all community members. This allows the community to decide what format the Omen should take. If they want to see more

news or art or fiction or commentary or anything, they should send in a submission in the style of their choosing and not just complain about it. Through this, the contributors are able to control at least their small section of the publication.

The Omen is one of the longest running publications at Hampshire College. **The reasons we have lasted so long are the very same reasons that people are criticizing us.** We have never claimed to be anything big or academic. It is not our goal to put out a publication of the quality of the New Yorker.

The Omen has always consisted of a very small dedicated staff. A staff that spends every other weekend locked in the publications lab, laughing, talking, having fun, drinking a little (and sometimes a lot), and building an Omen. We collect everyone else's stuff and print it in a forum accessible to the entire community. That's it. Nothing more.

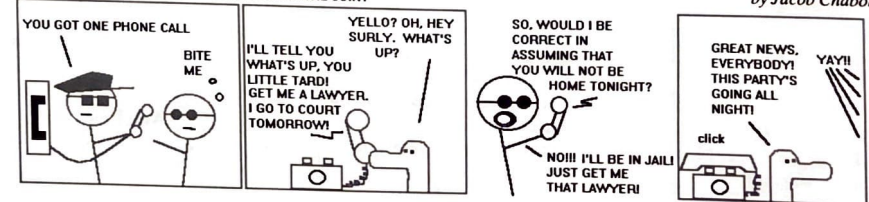
The Omen, through its submissions, has character. It has personality. These come

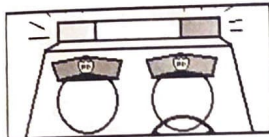
from its submissions. Some of the authors are very talented; some aren't. We readily admit that. But regardless of talent, everyone has a right to be heard. We could sit down with each writer and work on revisions until each is a perfect piece of writing. But that isn't what the Omen is about. No one has time for that type of editing. Instead, we print articles as they are, allowing us on a bi-weekly basis, to address a variety of issues in a way other publications just aren't capable of. We just want to provide a place for the community to express themselves in their own words and have fun while doing it.

If you want to see the Omen as something larger, something more serious, something more edited, come talk to us, give us a hand, write something. We are always understaffed—as any good publication should be. Get involved, then slowly take over, have a coup and run the Omen your way, with your own staff—it's been done before. But until then, stop bitching about us. We accomplish what we set out to and have fun while doing it. **O** So there.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY IN THE JOINT

by Jacob Chabot





POLICE LOG!

October 6 - October 19

Fire Alarms

Oct. 6, 10:19 AM: Dakin, smoke detector malfunction
Oct. 6, 4:10 PM: Prescott, cooking smoke in 75
Oct. 6, 6:18 PM: Prescott, cooking smoke in 89
Oct. 6, 7:17 PM: Merrill, cooking smoke on A3
Oct. 12, 2:35 AM: Enfield, incense in 51
Oct. 14, 2:47 PM: Prescott, marijuana smoke in 80
Oct. 15, 12:43 AM: Prescott, cooking smoke in 73
Oct. 16, 9:27 PM: Prescott, cooking smoke in 96
Oct. 18, 12:11 AM: Merrill, cigarette smoke on B3

Noise Complaints

Oct. 8, 1:47 AM: FPH
Oct. 8, 12:00 PM: Merrill, re: B-2
Oct. 9, 1:29 AM: FPH
Oct. 9, 1:30 AM: Dakin, re: K1
Oct. 15, 12:13 AM: FPH, re: bands
Oct. 17, 2:05 AM: Prescott, party shut down
Oct. 18, 2:14 AM: Greenwich, re: donut 2
Oct. 18, 3:47 AM: Prescott, re: 82
Oct. 18, 3:53 AM: Merrill, re: B3
Oct. 19, 12:50 AM: Dakin, re: J3

Traffic

Oct. 6, 5:38 PM: FPH, operator given warning

Oct. 7, 2:52 AM: Motor Vehicle Tow: Greenwich, vehicle in fire lane- drop fee paid
Oct. 7, 4:47 PM: Library Circle, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 8, 5:10 PM: Dakin Road, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 10, 6:56 PM: Dakin Road, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 14, 5:10 PM: Dakin, hit and run damage reported
Oct. 14, 6:15 PM: Back Gate, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 14, 6:23 PM: Dakin Road, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 14, 6:38 PM: Motor Vehicle Tow: Merrill, vehicle at loading dock- drop fee paid
Oct. 14, 10:02 PM: Main Drive, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 16, 7:12 PM: Arts Village, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 16, 10:02 PM: Four Corners, operator given verbal warning
Oct. 17, 12:46 AM: Dakin Road, operator given verbal warning

Special Services

Oct. 8, 10:30 PM: Off campus student located for parents

Liquor Laws

Oct. 13, 12:21 AM: Merrill, underage student with alcohol

Other Offenses

Oct. 10, 4:26 AM: Campus, three unwanted phone calls reported
Oct. 13, 2:30 PM: ASH, note left on car

Oct. 17, 2:25 AM: Prescott student received unwanted phone calls

Larceny

Oct. 6, 3:35 PM: Library, bicycle reported stolen
Oct. 7, 11:50 PM: Library, bicycle reported stolen
Oct. 8, 12:37 AM: Dakin, bicycle reported stolen
Oct. 9, 9:01 PM: Dakin, bike pedals reported stolen
Oct. 10, 8:50 PM: Merrill, bicycle reported stolen
Oct. 12, 2:00 PM: bicycle reported stolen
Oct. 16, 2:00 PM: Enfield, bicycle reported stolen
Oct. 17, 1:40 PM: Dakin, bicycle reported stolen
Oct. 17, 10:00 PM: FPH, band equipment reported stolen
Oct. 18, 3:09 PM: Dakin, bicycle reported stolen

Disturbances

Oct. 7, 11:25 PM: Merrill, suspicious activity
Oct. 9, 12:59 AM: Greenwich, broken glass around mods 14 & 15
Oct. 16, 2:05 AM: Greenwich, glass broken in Donut 1 area
Oct. 18, 3:12 AM: Enfield, suspicious person, unable to locate individual
Oct. 18, 6:59 AM: Dakin, students on roof
Oct. 19, 7:25 AM: Unauthorized use, Merrill, individual on roof

Of Hills and Mongolian Woodwork

by Michelle Beach

While walking around campus the other day with Travis, he commented Hampshire doesn't have a hill and really needs one. Nowhere on campus is there anything larger than a small incline. The only thing that can even pretend to be a hill is behind Dakin, near Saga. I guess that counts; you can go sled riding there, but the end is kind of abrupt and it doesn't have much of a view. It's not an ideal place for flying kites or looking for shapes in the clouds.

Coming from Ohio, I really miss hills. I know, most all of you probably think Ohio is even flatter than Massachusetts. But that's not true. Where I live in Steubenville (it's historical, what can I say?), there are more hills than in this entire state. I'm practically surrounded by them. Mountains and hills everywhere. Great for sledding and kite flying and all other stuff that hills are necessary for. Here, there's nothing like it and right now, I'm going through hill withdrawal.

This is why I am advocating the creation of a Hampshire hill. We can put it along the back road, you know, the one that they just paved. First of all, it would automatically mean unwavering the road. This would prevent me from having to write a second article about how paving that road took away so much of it's appeal. It was the perfect place to go for a walk at night. Sure you were scared half to death, but that's the whole point. Now there's a white line that glows in the dark, running down the middle, reminding you that you are at Hampshire College, a place that is anything but scary (and it's getting worse; I hear some people are advocating putting lights back there). Building the hill there would bring the charm back to that area. Second, that place is a perfect spot for a hill, because it isn't really

used for anything else. No one really goes to the Multi-Sport Center anyway. So we could bury it. You don't need windows if you're working out. Then there would be a hill and it would have a perfect view of lots of trees. The location is perfect.

The hill would be a place where people could get together and fly kites in the spring (we'll bring back the annual kite flying day) and go sledding in the winter and generally just do stuff that you can't do anywhere else but on a hill. We could name it the Glazer Hill, as Penina Glazer is the reason we have a Multi-Sport Center rather than a Community Center (she thought it would be more profitable for the school. Community isn't important anyway).

And speaking of naming things, I hear Greg Prince is looking to have a building named after him. Rumor has it that he is going to retire in about five years and would really like to have his name live on. This isn't too unusual. All of Hampshire's past presidents have things named after them. There's Adele Simmons Hall, Franklin Patterson Hall, and the Longworth Arts Village. I can understand Greg wanting something named after him as well.

Well, the best solution I have heard for this was to rename the Yurt. It could be called the Greg. Think about it; it makes a lot of sense and similar things have been done in the past. There is a great tradition at Hampshire of calling things names that really don't reflect them at all. Saga is really Sodeksho-Marriott and hasn't been Saga in years, but still the name remains. When Emily Dickinson Hall was first built, the students and faculty decided that it should be called Emma Goldman Hall, even though she had nothing to do with theater and writing. Even though it was

officially named Emily Dickinson Hall, the name Emma Goldman stuck with it for years afterward. Unfortunately, this tradition died away.

Already the Yurt isn't really a yurt. Renaming it the Greg would only make the name more closely reflect what it is. Greg is a symbol of the college that tries to get money so the college can last into the future. The Yurt is a symbol of money sucking incompetence. Alright, so maybe they aren't that closely related, but it's still a closer relation than to a real yurt.

Besides, if we renamed the Yurt, Greg wouldn't have to waste money, which the college already doesn't have enough of, building a new structure. The Yurt is already here. It already sucked away the college's money. Why build something new? And, really, do we want a Gregory S. Prince Hall? That sounds awful. The Greg has a nice ring to it.

We could hold a renaming ceremony dedicating the Yurt to Greg Prince. Then a plaque would be placed by the door. Then everyone will know the circular structure as the Greg. This will cause them to pause in awe over what a great man this Greg must have been to have such a magnificent building named after him.

Seriously, though, if Greg really wants a building named after him, why doesn't he just push really hard for a Community Center? It would make the students happy. The Trustees wouldn't have to choose between building a Community Center and some expensive building just so that it can be named after Greg. And the name of the building would, for once, actually have something to do with it's history. The Gregory S. Prince Community Center. That has a nice ring to it, don't you think?

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

Editor's Note: Dave Killen is on vacation this week, so we are reprinting an article that ran last year, in the infamous "Upski" issue, which very few people read. This is a response to a Mat Lauritsen article, and was originally titled: "A Rebuttal" Enjoy.

by Dave Killen

I read this story the other day about this actress from the fifties named Lana Turner. Apparently she was dating this LA gangster, one of Mickey Cohen's boys, and she was working on a movie with Sean Connery (one of his first films). One day this gangster dude showed up and, jealous of Connery, tried to intimidate him with mobster style threats. Connery (aka James Bond) promptly decked him with one punch. It is this kind of overt macho display that I am here to object to.

In Mat Lauritsen's column on the so-called "Dirty Old Man" or DOM, he repeatedly seems to condone and even support such behavior as "an off-color joke," "proposition involving a kiss," and "attempts to...proposition...pocket change." I ask you, is it any coincidence that Lauritsen's chosen acronym, "DOM," is the first three letters of the word "dominatrix"? It is obvious where his intentions lie. **As a man, I feel I can speak for all men, including OJ Simpson and yes, Sean Connery, when I say this is not the true nature of any man.** It is people such as Mr. Lauritsen who perpetuate the lies and double standards we are forced to live with.

When men do succumb to these testosterone-injected ways, at present there is not much we can do to stop them. Progress has been made over the last few years by the way of the civil lawsuit, which, if only the unspoken male ethics of the time had not been so restrictive, might have provided some recourse for Mr. Connery's victim mentioned above. I don't feel it is unreasonable for me to infer from Lauritsen's article that he would like machismo to remain legal. Is it any coincidence that he titles his writings "Mat's MACHISMO Corner?" I can't say but I offer it for your consideration.

For years men have been unjustly portrayed in the media, especially (coincidence?) in the James Bond films Mr. Connery is so proud of. I admit, I don't know Sean Connery personally, but I feel by watching their films it is quite easy to know an actor as if you were his friend, or a close member of his family. It is not much of a stretch, then, to extend this relationship to the character himself, in this case James Bond. Mr. Bond has obviously been heavily influenced by people such as Mr. Lauritsen, as is indicated by his more recent roles such as the somewhat DOM in last year's *The Rock*. Mr. Bond is paying dearly for all those years of typically machoistic items such as Aston Martins, pretty girls and his Walther PPK.

I, too, have had my run-ins with this stereotyping of the male gender. When you have a last name that so closely resembles the word "killer" (or is exactly it if Mr. Lauritsen (coincidence?) misspells it), lots of people automatically think you must be "cool" or "bad

Back from the grave, Dave

ass." This has caused much unneeded grief for myself and doubtless all the other male Killens. When the loudspeaker announces Dave KILLER is coming to bat, striking out is just that much more painful. In such memories I can see Mr. Lauritsen in the bleachers, laughing mercilessly. Society has burdened me with its lasting scars.

Finally, I would just like to introduce the possibility that **Mat Lauritsen is a violent macho bastard and is wrong in anything he says.** I realize as an objective journalist I should refrain from drawing from my own personal experience in this space, but I happen to know Mr. Lauritsen personally and can testify to his explosive nature. I had the frightful but informative experience of playing on the soccer team with Mat, and I can say without exaggeration that he is a ferocious beast the likes of which I have rarely seen. Whereas upon knocking over a player of the opposing team I, and most of my fellow teammates, would help him up and say "Sorry," Mr. Lauritsen would seize the opportunity to step on the downed man's back and yell "Who's your daddy" until one of us dragged him away or he grew bored. Mat's problem is most likely bred in, as at several of our games his younger brother Seth could be heard screaming from the sidelines for Mat to "Cleat them in the nuts" and "Hurt them indiscriminately." It is a sad happening that this man be allowed a public forum to promote his detrimental and chauvinistic ideals.

Oliver twist an' shout

by Mathew Lauritsen

Oliver hastened to enter his room. He had just returned from an extended automotive outing, performed in the splendorous foliage of late October in New England. Packages under his arm, a pumpkin at his feet, Oliver removed the key from his freshly unlocked lock and tossed his possessions onto the bed.

"Good," he thought to himself, "this very night I will set my mind hard to study. My papers will be written, my books will be read, and life will be good." Like any aspiring collegiate, Oliver had study habits that complemented his good upbringing and well-reasoning mind.

Calmly latching his door, Oliver felt around the bottom of his backpack for his first assignment.

"Oh dastardly fate," he actually uttered audibly, "where have you hid my texts?" In something of a huff, Oliver slammed his door and proceeded toward his college library. By now dusk was faring well away, and the ominous dark of the crisp season of the Hallow lay upon the land.

"Ho there, Oliver!" A school chum of his attempted to gain Oliver's attention. This greeting was little more than a blip upon

the screen of Oliver, set so thoroughly upon the location of his assigned reading that little else could compete for his frantic attention.

On fire again, Oliver began to decipher all the codes. The grass never seemed so nice. And the first remained to be the broken double-ovums, sphere after sphere with the same midpoint yet wildly varying radii. The texture of the binding influences its author. Futuristic gaming will probably include spatial vacuums. **Oliver knew that it was Oliver that was knowing. And the virtuoso didn't give a damn.**

PUTT THE BALL! OLIVER, PUTT THE BALL. Sure, there is pizza on my lap in front of Daphne. Oh drat! The frontier seems lovely. If you are bored you are boring. Which explorer can tell me where is the best place to go? This room would be dark if it were not filled with light. Canteens always seemed too heavy to lug the water in.

Oliver actually was now feeling not too good. His mind was all a flitter; his body lost its ability to express the academic resolve normally said to be of the possession of Oliver. "What happened

yesterday? I was in tears, near lifeless. Something happened. But what. I was in tears, near lifeless. This is even worse than being alive."

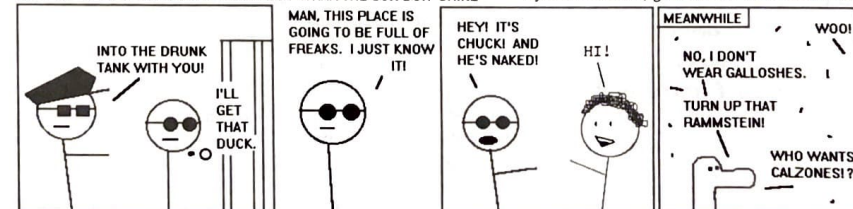
Oliver was now beginning to question the integrity of all the food-stuffs and quaffables he had ingested throughout the day. He had read about some psychoactive metabolites that could be slipped, almost without detection, into any mouth-bound consumable. But who in his town would have such connections?

Shoulder the blame! Ugh, Oliver why layeth thee upon the earth? Sleepy friends taking my wallet. The worms in the soil are feeling my body heat and are being drawn to it. I have got a devil's haircut on my mind. There is only victimless crime. This is illegal in England. A leap pipe will break any bone of the skull. To cancel my credit card, I must know the eight hundred number on the back of my card. Blood into the ground, the date is between the thirtieth and the first. Come back, Ground Control. Fourteenth clown street, the Lucy diamond sky shineth bright, my breathless angel. A poet tonight, my words are sweet, thine candy filled bustier contributes its own verse, alas. Fie on you and your gabardine!



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY WHAR THE SUN DON'T SHINE

by Jacob Chabot; guest writer Wade Stuckwisch





by Wade Stuckwisch

You know, sometimes I think about girls and it's funny. It makes me stay inside when it's sunny. What does that have to do with the movie *Rush Hour*? Absolutely nothing. What I really want to talk about is a different movie I saw over the summer, *The Opposite Of Sex*.

While reading the last *Omen*, I ran across an article entitled, "You too can sleep around," written by two first-years who called themselves "Dyke Slut" and "Geek Slut." What these two first years were trying to advocate was something they later referred to as "polyamory," or in layman's terms, mass fucking. I'd like to point out that, in true *Omen* spirit, both these characters admitted that they were "totally novice sluts." This seems like **yet another desperate attempt by someone in the Hampshire community to figure out a way to get laid.**

This is nothing new. In fact, I'd say that a good half of the articles I've read in this year's *Omen*

"Rush Hour"—and I don't mean "2112"

are basically someone's desperate attempt to boost their sex life. Hell, I've done it. On a regular basis, even. I'd say the main reason for this

is that most people on the Hampshire campus are socially retarded and can't handle a relationship, but want to get laid anyway. The level of sexual frustration present on this campus is coming to a head, and it's looking more and more like the situation could go thermonuclear at any moment.

As for this whole "polyamory" free love thing, I think that for the good

of the community I'd better point out a few flaws in the article.

First, this article was obviously written by first years, due to their blatant disrespect to Hampshire's real motto: "Hall/Mod Booty is Bad Booty." Folks, these are words to live by and I am a man who knows. Anyone else who has been dumb enough to transgress this maxim purely for an evening of bliss will tell you the same. They really ought to add it somewhere in *Non Satis Non Scire*. Don't fuck with the wisdom of the ages.

The second sign that this was written by first years is the whole thing about honesty and "owning your feelings." In general, the only real way to whore around

is if you ignore all your feelings. If a person actually has feelings for another person, these two people can be totally honest with each other but if they get together somebody is probably going to get hurt. Plus, how often are people really 100% sure about just what they feel? I'm sure if we were all unfeeling creatures we could fuck like wild animals, but in general people have complex emotions and form emotional bonds with other people, and

sitting around being horny is usually better than long drawn-out emotional warfare.

When people just want to fuck, truth and honesty ain't shit. Personally, I would suggest that if you really want free sex both parties involved should lie their asses off from Day One, or just plain despise each other already at the beginning.

Personally, I think that the best thing

possible for the Hampshire campus since **everybody here is too socially retarded to get sex by themselves**, would be to set up a small prostitution service. That way, everyone would get their "needs" met, and it would save all the hurt feelings since sex would be on a purely business level. Plus, it would be a great way to set up more work study positions. Hell, pot is practically legal here right now...

continued on the next page



Jennifer Tilly makes me silly

by Wade Stuckwisch

Hello again. I try not to take up too much space in the *Omen*. I really do. I try to keep myself limited to one, one page article, but it seldom works. So I'm long-winded and gabby. Sorry. However, I have been commanded by elements high within the *Omen* to relate for you my experiences seeing the film *Bride Of Chucky*. So here goes.

It was a Friday night and I had just settled down to a rousing night of playing RISK, The World Conquest Game. My strategy for this game was two-fold: first, select the red game pieces, because Communism always wins. Second, consume a large amount of vodka to get into a Soviet state of mind. (To confuse my enemies, I switched off with Kentucky bourbon throughout the game to disguise my communist leanings.) My steady conquest of Europe and Asia was interrupted at around 10:30 to go catch the late show of *Bride Of Chucky*. The liquor had put me into just the right mood for camp horror, and I put aside the world conquest for later.

The strangest and scariest thing about this whole movie is that it was practically set in my home town—Lockport, NY. (I actually live in Pendleton, not-so-proud birthplace of Tim McVeigh, but my mailing address says "Lockport" so WHO CARES? Tim's dad's house is two blocks away from me, by the way.) Not only that, but from the opening sequence it seems that somewhere in my home town there's a big police depot where they keep accessories from horror movie psychos. (Jason and Michael

Myers's masks, Freddy's glove, etc.) It also seems that Jennifer Tilly lives in a trailer there, and is the ex-beau of multiple murderer Charles Lee Ray, a.k.a. the evil spirit infesting everybody's favorite murderous doll Chucky. Jennifer (well, the character's name was Tiffany, so I guess I should use that. Strike that, then.) Tiffany gets Chucky from said police hall of horror, determined to put his soul back in a human body and finally marry him. Unfortunately Chucky kills her, so her soul winds up in a doll's body instead. (A Doc Martins totin' bride doll, no less!) The dolls get sent to three teens, two of whom are eloping and the other of which is gay. **You know he's gay because he's going to college to study theater.** Oh, and he starts talking about an old boyfriend. That too. The three head off to New Jersey by the quickest possible route: WEST from Lockport to Niagara Falls, then back east, in a surprisingly quick trip down the Thruway. (Writer Don Mancini obviously has never been near Western New York or the NYS Thruway. Or probably Hackensack, New Jersey, either. Could this guy get a map?)

So that's the movie. There's lots of gore in true '80s excessive style and a completely gratuitous doll-on-doll sex scene which just must be seen, as well as a big surprise ending. And like all good modern horror movies, it's intentionally hilarious. I better shut up now before Michelle kills me trying to get all this to fit on two pages. By the way, I won the RISK game. All hail the Soviet!

continued from the previous page
why not prostitution?

Which brings me to *The Opposite Of Sex*, the movie. *The Opposite Of Sex* came out this summer, but it should be out on video now. The movie revolves around a whole group of people having some serious relationship problems. Christina Ricci plays the best damn 15 year-old slut ever written. She runs away from home after her stepdad dies with her 18 year-old boyfriend, then winds up at her gay brother's house. As any good 15 year-old slut would, she then proceeds to seduce her brother's live-in boyfriend and get pregnant. Pain,

Chris Tucker vs Geddy Lee

comedy and farce ensue. Lisa Kudrow plays a spinster-in-the-making friend of Ricci's brother who is obviously nursing a longtime crush on him (Lisa Kudrow is actually pretty cool despite the fact that she's on *Friends*), and Lyle Lovett is the local cop who is obviously nursing a longtime attraction to Lisa Kudrow. Ricci pretty much manages to completely fuck up her brother's life (with the help of a few other people and the local Christian Coalition), and most of the movie is a mad search for Ricci and the brother's boyfriend in the

hopes of straightening things out. The general message (and this is the pertinent bit) is that the sex act is over-rated and the best thing about sex is the relationships involved with the sex act. The movie is wet-your-pants hilarious and everybody should go rent it.

Oh yeah, *Rush Hour* was pretty good but it needed more fight scenes.

Th' End.

Next time: Wade meets his idol, Kevin Smith, at the Words and Pictures Museum!

Wanted: Student input

by Brenden Tamilio

Last week, an open letter was distributed to all students by an ad-hoc committee proposing Dean of Student Affairs Bob Sanborn be banished from Hampshire to Little Diomedea and replaced with an "adult."

The satirical letter, incarnate as a motion (like one that would emerge from a body of governance, or organization) assumed campus has recognized general errata with the Office of Student Affairs, particularly Dean Sanborn. My subjective observations about the reception of that letter amongst the student body suggest **the body does not share the spirit and sentiment of the letter, nor does it host particular quarrel with Dean Sanborn and his office.**

Since his arrival at Hampshire in 1996, advocates, student and otherwise, have suggested "Dr. Bob" Sanborn has not been the best match for Hampshire College. Prior to his tenure here, Sanborn was Dean of Students at Rice University, with a student body larger than UMASS Amherst. Many students, staff, and faculty have criticized his actions as being against the fabric of Hampshire. However, the ad-hoc committee failed to mention or allude to any of these persons, their opinions, nor the events and actions they pertain to within the body of the letter.

The letter does mention, in its first bullet, the "Super Sixty," a reference to a supposed number of students at Hampshire empowered by the structure of our college to be responsible in advocating action within the community. Typically, the theoretical collective of students that compose the Super Sixty arrive from bodies such as Community Council, editors of the newspaper(s), the former Student Senate, the former iteration of Intran-

Infinity, Educational Policy Committee, CHOIR, Ficom (etc.), and other students who are actively involved in campus politics and community issues/concerns.

The ad-hoc committee criticizes the current group of Super Sixty as "anything but super." It is difficult to determine whether the Sixty are less than super by nature, that is, more apathetic than a more typical, traditional genesis of Super Sixty, or that the current state of the college impedes and inhibits the ability of the Super Sixty to effectively advocate and evoke change, or voice opinion against change.

Many members of the community I have conferred with affirm the latter suggestion, as many of the vehicles designed for student input have been destroyed (House Councils [Dakin, Merrill, etc.], Academic Council/Student Senate, Curriculum Policy Committee, etc.) or weakened through time and/or rendered impotent (Community Council, Housing Advisory Committee, Theatre Board, QCA, EPC, CHOIR, COCD, The All Community Meeting, Judicial Council, SOURCE, Community Review Board, The Student Trustee position, The Woman's Center, Five College Student Coordinating Board, etc.)

Not all of these organizations were/are political, but they did demand attention by the administration and the community with their numbers of students actively involved, which can create a political vehicle. There have also existed temporary organizations to address campus concerns, such as "The Radical Collective," The Third World Organization, The Hampshire College Student Mobilization Committee, The Amherst-Hampshire College Tea Party, Hampshire Student Collective, etc. which have been responsible for enacting or reacting to change in the College, all of which (and more) are now defunct.

The letter further alludes to an ongoing struggle between the

editorships of The Forward and The Omen, accusing them of paying more attention to squabbling at one another rather than reporting or discussing campus goings-on. Veritably, the two publications should not be perceived as being locked in competition; they have different formats, and different media: The Forward a bi-weekly newspaper, The Omen a bi-weekly rant n' rave opinion magazine. The open letter assumes the student body cannot decipher a difference. Rather, the two publications are apparently disinterested in covering campus news, or bi-weekly publication does not lend itself well to timely reporting.

The letter submitted to the community by the anonymous ad-hoc committee expresses a powerful sentiment of frustration with the Office of Student Affairs and it's Dean Bob Sanborn. The letter assumes the student body in general is at the same level of frustration as the author(s), where it appears this is not the case. Most students (Super Sixty aside) have little direct interaction with Dean Sanborn and his office, and therefore have not been witness to many of the issues and concerns individuals have tried to bring to the attention of the community at-large; concerns about the state of the college, the ability and vehicles for student communication/input/expression, and the activity of Dean Sanborn and the "Interdisciplinary School" of Student Affairs.

I resolve that the lack of empathy, and conversely a resounding apathy from the student body with the ad-hoc open letter, can be attributed to a **deficiency in vehicles for student input** into the mechanics of Hampshire, as well as a lack of discourse and community advocacy and organization in discussing campus issues.

If a group of students felt it important enough to submit an open letter to the community endorsing the banishment of our Dean of Student Affairs, then there

continued on the next page

Wrestle, you pansies!

by Alex Kreit

Hampshire College is full of pussies! That's right, you heard me. People whine and complain all the time but nobody ever takes action. If you think I'm talking about activism you are sadly mistaken. I'm talking about personal grievances and conflicts. I'm talking about Gillian Andrews vs. the Omen. I'm talking about the MGM vs. Casey Nordell. I'm talking about you vs. that roommate next door who plays the Grateful Dead at full volume all day. I'm talking about hate! **However, with all of the hate around this campus why are so few punches thrown, or drop kicks dropped?**

Last year, four brave men agreed to solve their differences once and for all in an honest and respectable manner. The conflict, which began in the pages of the *Omen* as innocently as any other at Hampshire, ended on the library lawn, May 1st at 3:00 pm with nearly one hundred spectators watching. These lucky community members were treated to an entertaining and historic event, Hampshire's first professional wrestling match-up. The match pitted Paul "Morose Bastard" Boyer and Jacob "the Beetle" Chabot against "Mr. Machismo" Mat Lauritsen and "Thrillin'" Dave Killen. After the final bell, the hands of Mr. Lauritsen and Mr. Killen were raised in victory. Unfortunately, due to a fast count, the match was surrounded by a great deal of controversy. It was particularly disappointing that, as this match had been booked by the participants, there was no objective body to resolve the problem.

Nevertheless, the match was wonderful and those passing by stopped in their tracks, mesmerized by the athletic beauty of the combatants. I, as Paul's manager, experienced the excitement first hand, and after the match began speaking

must exist evidence for such a desire to be harbored. If the student body does not understand this sympathy (concurring or not), then somewhere the mechanism of communication amongst students has failed, or much of the evidence has only been available to a select few of the student body, an impaired Super Sixty, who may not have the vehicle for input to change, or the ability to mobilize and react to changes that have occurred.

I urge the Hampshire College

Student Body to examine our institution, to discuss the state of our institution, and to actively seek to inform and educate ourselves and each other about campus happenings. I urge the student newspaper(s) to focus on these events/actions, and to fulfill their expectation to the community by reporting on these concerns, and availing and condoning community members to express their opinions about such events and actions of the college.

with others who had been involved with the match about founding a professional wrestling organization that would hold matches regularly. Today, this vision has become a reality.

The World Wrestling Collective will not only exist as a functioning wrestling federation, we will also screen classic events such as *Wrestlemania 3*, bring speakers from the industry to campus, and hold weekly Monday Nitro parties. Of course, our main purpose is to provide an opportunity for members of the five college community to resolve conflicts in fair wrestling contests. So stop being pansies! You don't have to anymore. We will be holding our first supercard event towards the end of this semester, at which time we will crown the first WWC champion. Just think, you could be wearing the gold around your waist.

It's easy to get involved. Just look for flyers announcing our meetings, or drop a note in box 420 or email td97@hamp. We aren't just looking for wrestlers, you can get involved in a number of different capacities. However, if you want to wrestle, the sooner you get in touch the better. You don't have to have someone in mind you want to wrestle either (and you can wrestle your best friend just as easily as your worst enemy). You don't have to be big, or a male. You don't have to be from the south. All you need is passion, dedication, and some intestinal fortitude.

Finally, for those who do not plan to become involved in the federation, please support our events (especially the first live bout). Professional wrestling is entertainment for everyone and has a rich history. While the WWC may not be one of the premier federations, we will strive to continue in the estimable tradition of those who have come before us. So, whether you like it, or you don't like it, you better learn to love it, cuz it's the best thing going today! **WHOO!!**

If our campus is concerned about the actions of our Dean of Student Affairs and his office, then I urge the community to discuss these issues. I urge the community to provide evidence to support the ad-hoc resolution for Dean Sanborn's "immediate exportation to Little Diomedea," or discredit the committee's argument and prove it a group of reactionary, over zealous bitter students. Either way, a motion is on the table, and I move to submit it for debate.

WWC

Ghoulish Greg Mask



Murderous Monkey Mask



by Jacob Chabot, Michelle Beach, Travis Dale, and Wade Stuckwisch

F or all you lamoids who have no Halloween costumes this year, poor pitiful you. You suck so much, I cry really.

Easy Instructions:

Step 1: Cut along the dotted line. Get a grown-up to help you with this part.

Step 2: Cut out eye holes. Remember for safety reasons make sure to cut out the eye holes while the mask is not on your face. Especially not with a cork screw (unless you are going for that gore look).

Step 3: Tie each end of a string to each side of the mask. Use your head, make sure the printed side of the mask is facing outward, towards the people you intend to scare. Otherwise it just won't work.

Step 4: Act like the character you are. Say Greg-like phrases including: "Oh baby that's what I like." and "Ope, time to layoff some more faculty." And monkey-like phrases including, "The only good human is a dead human." and "Ape shall not kill ape."

Step 5: Have fun and be careful.

Trouble Shooting/FAQ's

Q. How can I tell if my mask is facing the right way?

A. If you are inundated with questions such as "What the hell are you?" and "Are you like a ghost or something?" then your mask may be inside out. Attempt reversing the mask. If questions persist, get a better costume, you cheap bastard.

Q. My mask keeps falling off, what should I do?

A. Perhaps string is not good enough for your big fat head. Attempt implementing other office supplies such as duct tape, crazy glue, and staples. If problems persists consult a physician.

Q. I can't breathe!

A. Good. The problem should go away within five minutes.

Q. What the fuck is an ope?

A. Ope is indeed a word. Greg Prince says it every time he is about to lay off more faculty.

Q. What was the name of that movie with the newspaper guy, and the sled, and the glass snow globe and it's black and white and it has Joseph Cotton and shit?

A. It's called *Bride of Chucky* and it's in theaters now. So go watch it before it bombs. You mook.



Comment dit tous "suck?"

by Madeleine Baran

I have a confession to make. (There, I've caught the attention of all of you avid talk show addicts and psychologists-in-training.) I have taken French classes since I was 14. There, I said it. Commence the teasing. It all started freshman year in high school, when I got to choose whether I wanted to learn Spanish, German, or French. I had already taken two years of Spanish at my grade school; but since the average stay of each teacher was about two weeks, sometimes less, I just learned my colors REALLY well. I was ready for something new--so I decided to take French. Plus, both of my parents were French professors, so I could always get help with my homework.

The majority of my high school French classes were spent drawing cartoons with my other disinterested friend and trying to write one hundred French verbs and their conjugations on a small sheet of paper so that I could go home and listen to Dinosaur Jr. instead of having to study for the test. (Am I opening myself up for some self-ridicule or what? First the French, and now the Dinosaur Jr. Geez.) I managed to get through all four years of French without even being absolutely sure how to use the basic past tense. (For those of you not in the know, the normal past tense can be explained adequately in about 15 minutes.) This level of academic negligence was in no way carried over to my other classes. On the contrary, I was the ideal student. Except for French.

So when I came to college last year, what was one of the first decisions I made? To take French. I had to start all over again. Plus, I had made the fatal mistake of choosing

Amherst College--source of a not-inconsiderable amount of the world's evil. There I was (and am) subjected to a.) Statements such as "Oh, you're from Hampshire? If I went there, I wouldn't do ANY work. I mean, why DO you do anything there if there aren't any grades?" b.) Students who think that poverty means having to go to Antonio's instead of Spoleto's. c.) A series of girls with annoyingly low self-esteem (quite possibly the worst quality in a girl), one of whom got her dad to call the dean to allow her to take the midterm two days later, and another one who cries in class. (Yes, CRIES in class. Picture this for a moment. Professor, "*Comment s'appelle-tu?*" Annoying Girl With Low Self-Esteem (A.G.W.L.S.E.): (crying) "Um...I don't understand the question." Professor: "For Christsake, this is French FIVE, and I'm just asking you what your name is." Only joking of course, the professor's not that cool.) This girl has put up with three semesters of French so far, crying through all of them, more during the exams and tests, less during the film screenings.

So why do I put up with this? To read literature in French. That is the one and only reason. No, I don't like France. No, I don't sit around sipping overpriced espresso with no free refills in small cafes. No, I don't say things like, "There is a certain *je ne sais quoi* in this novel." (Try that one out for some pretentious points.) But I do study French. And I'm starting to become really resentful as a result. If I had studied Spanish, there would be plenty of people around to speak Spanish with. But since I chose French, I am doomed to one of two things. Either I go to France and speak French there, or I bring the French people to me. Of course, I favor the second option.

First of all, we could get rid of France. *C'est une bonne idée, n'est-ce pas?* EVERYONE would like this idea. Then we could disperse all of the French people to all the different corners of the world; and no doubt, quite a few of them would end up in America. Now some of you might say (and rightfully so), "I don't want all these French people coming to the good old U.S.A." I hear you, brave citizens. And my response to you is as follows: We can agree to accept them into our country; but what we do with them after they get here is another story altogether. **If you want to put them into some kind of internment camp, that's a-okay with me!** Then I could actually have a job in the internment camp waiting for me upon graduation from Hampshire! (And that's better than any other prospects, let me tell you.)

So I could be the one in charge of communicating with the French prisoners. I could tell them, "*Vous vont mourir.*" (You are going to die.) Or maybe, "*Bienvenue! Vous êtes au camp du internement!*" (Welcome! You are at the internment camp!) Or perhaps the crueler, "*Nous avons beaucoup de croissants pour vous! Ha! Je blague! Vous êtes stupides!*" (We have lots of croissants for you. Ha! I'm lying! You are stupid!) Whatever you want me to say, just tell me, and I'll say it. Just make sure my paycheck's always on time. My French will actually be put to a good use--and we can burn France to the ground and build a huge Disney version of it in its place to indicate our cultural dominance.

Vive les Etats-Unis!

Too much information

By: Jessica "Jessica Van Scoy" Van Scoy

When I began to tour my perspective colleges, the first place I asked to see were the bathrooms. It wasn't as though I had some odd fetish with the showers or anything. I merely wanted to see where I would be excreting for the next four years.

Shitting in a public bathroom is a big deal for me. Rule #1: Never do it! Rule #2: If you definitely have to go, and there is no stopping it, go alone. At least be in a place where no one can hear you--or smell you for that matter. But, ah, don't you know, I choose a college that has its dorms connected by the bathrooms.

Picture this scenario. You are in your room and are contemplating getting up to do that oh-so-dreaded duty that must be done. You quietly sneak into the bathroom and see that someone else is already in the good stall. Damn! So, you take the handi-

capped stall and use the bars to pull yourself up, swinging your legs from where you are sitting. You have to patiently wait for the other person to leave, so you waste your time by peeing ever so softly--taking your precious time, of course. (What is also enjoyable to do in these bathrooms is to practice your flips and turns on the parallel bars. **You can also gain a lot of knowledge from what is written on the bathroom stalls.**) When the other person finally leaves, you quickly try and get this chore over with. Of course, just as you're about to make the fun plopping noise, the creaky door opens, and you have to cough/flush the toilet at the last second so they don't hear you making sounds. No need to mention that the smell is casually drifting into their noses and making them silently gag.

Most don't say anything. However, to keep it on the safe side, my best advice is to calmly wait until everyone has left the building to return to your room, dirty and ashamed. This way you avoid the stares/points and giggles in your direction.

I don't know what it is about shit. It makes me gag, literally gag. The smell, the look, everything. I avoid walking into Spencer Gifts just so I don't have to see that "20 Different Kinds of Shit" poster. It includes something called the "corn shit." This has got to be the most disgusting thing I have ever heard of. I have never even had one and I sure as hell never want one. I pity those who have had one.

I don't know where I am going with this topic. I am making myself nauseous is what I'm doing. So, I guess the point of my story is, finally, AVOID EATING CORN AT ALL COSTS, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!!! Oh, yeah, and Happy Pooping!

Spooky ghost story

by Caitlin Beach, age 9

In 1973 there was a war that nobody knew about. They all called it the Suce War. There was one person that they knew a lot about, her name was Sally Foster. She kept a diary, and it was all about her. She went to Hampshire College to learn and she was in room B-304. She was in college to learn to be a soldier, and one day she got killed in the war. Nobody knows how she died. They think that she got shot by the other team.

The next person who was in that dorm tried to stay out of that dorm because every year on September 12, the ghost comes back and says "Where's my crew?"

One day, Sally came and the girl stayed in her room so she could face her fears. Sally Foster came back and said, "Where's my crew?" The girl said nothing and ran away. Sally Foster followed her but once it was the exact time she died, she disappeared. So the girl went back to her room. Then she got under her covers and went to sleep.

The next morning, she got up and Sally Foster was sitting in the girl's chair. The girl ran out of her room and into

the hall. Then she went back in. She said, "Who are you?"

The ghost said, "I am Sally Foster."

The girl said, "What do you want?"

Sally said, "Where's my crew?"

The girl said, "I don't know." **She didn't want to admit that they were dead.**

The next day the girl went and did some research. She found out that Sally had a family and they all died in the war. The next day that the ghost came the girl said that her family died in the war and so did the crew. Sally Foster was left crying on her way back to the road. The next day she came by and the girl was in her room. The girl was doing her research paper and it was about the Suce War. The ghost came and helped her. Then when she was about to leave she said, "Thank you." The girl said, "You're welcome." Then she left.

The ghost of Sally Foster was never seen again. The girl still looks for her.

The End.

The Hippie-Touchdown on Halloween

by Tyler M. Carey

*There you stood on the edge
of a feather,
Expecting to fly,
Well, I laughed and
wondered whether,
I could wave goodbye.*

-Buffalo Springfield,
"Expecting to Fly" 1967

Halloween related Athletics? Besides running from drunken frat boys while trick-or-treating in the wrong neighborhood of Amherst? What in the Vast Valley of Sports? Well, this raving reporter had to find out "where," first. Sure enough, it was at UMASS.

The 17th annual Halloween Hippie-Tossing Event was about to start, and Ernie and I had no idea where to find it. "Didn't you ask for directions?" he whined, as we roared along in his sleek black Camaro, with a broken headlight.

"I didn't have time, you moron," I roared back, **"When someone calls you in the 'Whisper-Caller' Voice and says that you have to get down to UMASS right away to witness Halloween Hippie Tossing, you don't ask questions!"**

Halloween Hippie Tossing started as a gag event at Hampshire in the Seventies. Deadheads, pot-smokers, and vagabond-liberals would climb to the top of the structure that would eventually become the Yurt, and dive right off. Twelve feet wasn't far to dive, and it was

the coolest thing goin' at Hampshire Halloween, in the days of brown acid and bad lightshows. Everyone short of the five Aerosmith fans on campus was giving it a shot.

Jocks at UMASS heard about it, though, and it became a different sort of tradition. It went from low-altitude patchouli-scented skydiving to a high-impact sacrifice of hippies to the patron deities of frat row and cheap beer. The gods needed to be placated, and the Valley certainly wouldn't miss a hippie or three. My God, it now bears the same sort of vile implications as dwarf-bowling!

Ernie double-parked the Cammy at the Haigis Mall, only after ramming a few Neons and Tauruses (Taurae?) to "make a space" as he said. With hazard lights flashing and questionable Ministerial parking pass on the dash, we went running across the pavement to see where the havoc was happening. It would be nearly impossible to find an "unofficial" event amidst the urban sprawl of UMASS. Even the Massachusetts State University System wouldn't endorse such a practice.

"What about the Student Union building?" asked Ernie, while leaning against a building—panting.

"Maybe, but I don't know if it's really high enough..." I replied, fading into thought.

"High enough, huh? Well, what about the Marriott?"

"Well, maybe, that's... Wait! What's that sound?" I cocked my head to the right. Ernie, too. We were both half-cocked, standing on a gigantic paved lawn, listening to a tinkling echoing sound.

"Is that..." Ernie began.

"Touch of Grey!" I boomed. "My god! It must be the hippie's final wish to hear his beloved Grateful Dead!"

"Grateful, huh? We'll see."

"Quick! We've gotta save him, Ernie!" I started running off in the direction of the music. A minute or two later, I realized that Ernie wasn't with me. I turned to see him standing far off, where we had been. "Well, come on, Ernie!"

He just stood there. "You never said anything about SAVING him!" he bellowed.

Of course, UMASS' lore suggests a different origin than importation from Hampshire for the hippie-tossing at Halloween. Lo be it that Hampshire would influence anyone but Ken Burns and Jon Krakauer.

Aside from the rants about forcing a few hippies to die off and decrease the surplus population, a story exists about a physics experiment gone awry. Legend has it that a grad student who took too much mescaline before watching a Student Union showing of "Gimme' Shelter" thought up a fabulous experiment. The thesis was as follows: "A regularly shaped brick falling off the side of the UMASS library will fall at a faster acceleration than a writhing rag-clad patchouli-scented hippie thrown from the same altitude."

The original reactions were shock, amazement, denial, and willingness to participate. A grant was a bitch to get, so volunteers were recruited from frat-row to throw 'volunteer' hippies from the top of the library. Hippies were easy to get at first, what with the promise of free drugs and Grateful Dead bootlegs. It was the four-hundred foot fall that was a bitch. Also,

someone forgot to throw the brick. So much for an experiment. But few traditions come out of science, eh?

We saw the brief streak of tie-dye before he hit the ground. Jeez, what ever happened to pumpkin smashing? Ernie cheered as the unfortunate (over the) counter-cultural victim hit the concrete. "I will get by...I will get by...I will survive..." sang Jerry Garcia's voice over the whole mess.

A gigantic crowd of middle-Americans cheered. I nearly vomited. Ernie scratched another mark into his belt. **A pair of Butterfield residents dressed (dressed?) as Cheech and Chong went running over to the dredlocked splotch, searching for his stash.** A panel of preppies sitting at a table held up score cards. My God, where was the scientific method? Where was the compassion? Where was the humanity?

WHERE WAS THE GOD-DAMN ATHLETICS? The most exertion we'd seen that day was the street sweeper dutifully cleaning up the mess. The town of Amherst political and law enforcement contingent helped clear the drop zone for the next sacrifice...er...contestant...er...poor liberal bastard falling from the sky.

"Bring 'em OOOONNNNN!"

screamed Ernie.

"God's Sake! Get a hold of yourself, Man! Your going over to the wrong side!"

"You bet I am! I saw these types of guys in the end of Easy Rider, and Man! I ALWAYS wanted to meet 'em!"

"You rank bastard!"

The next 'volunteer' was being led to the side of the roof. You could see his Peter Max T-Shirt shining in the sunlight. Jefferson Airplane began playing on the PA. The hippie began to fall. He was at the tenth story, the fifth, and then...Jesus, Christ! What was that thing? It was flying, kind of, and it grabbed the hippie and flew off...

"Was that a Penguin?" Ernie asked incredulously.

Sure, it looked like one. But they don't really fly. I know these things. I read *Bloom County*.

The crowd was nuts. A riot would surely ensue. "What the hell?" "Jesus Christ!" "It's a sign of the apocalypse!" "It's an Arctic spirit creature!" "It's Opus!" "Does anyone know Yukonics?" The murmurs were faint, strange and indistinguishable. That is until the battle cry was heard, "LET'S GET 'EM!!!"

We were all strapped into a mob psychology. All except for me and Ernie. He just wanted to kill the bastard—not raise a junta against all hippies. Well, maybe he did, but he lacked the vacuous pledge-of-allegiance-mentality of the mob.

Pitch forks in hand they stormed off after the flying flightless bird and his baggage. Ernie and I stood on the hill behind Butterfield, watching torches being lit. The sun was setting, and the lights dappled the darkness. Against the reddish orb of light could be seen the silhouette of a penguin, straining to hold up the weight of a vegan who had eaten too much hummus.

"Just when you thought you'd seen everything, huh?" asked Ernie.

"I swear. My grandpa was right. They're not all locked up yet."

Silence. The bird could be seen flapping into the near-darkness. Rocks and empty beer bottles being thrown at it.

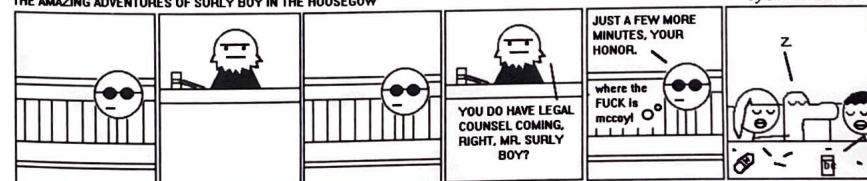
"Cantones?" "Yeah, sounds good, Ernie."

Walking back to the Cammy, we wondered what was wrong with society. What was wrong with us. What was wrong with the image of a penguin flying. What was wrong with "Touch of Grey" having been the only Top 10 hit the Dead ever had.

It was then, that the precariously balanced brick finally fell. I'm sure that somewhere off in Belchertown, a farmer doing his late-night pumpkin-farming chores heard Ernie screaming "NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!" as he watched the brick go right through the windshield of his beloved car far off in Haigis Mall.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY IN THE HOOSIEGOW

by Jacob Chabot





by Gareth Edel

Well here I am again sitting, and listening to Halloween music. Trying to write an *Omen* article. In response to the idea of mods giving candy out to wandering Hampsters who are trick or treating I want to give a few tips.

Because I miss Halloween in NY, where there are warnings on the news and letters sent home from school, here are a few safety tips:

- 1) Eat all the opened wrappers, only if you are a trusting fool bent on self destruction.
- 2) Don't enter a stranger's mod/house unless you have a desire to be raped and beaten.
- 3) Never trick or treat under the influence of drugs. Drugs are the main reason idiots forget the first two tips.

The next few tips are ways to poison or cause a piece of candy to

be unsafe, this is of course only so you know what to watch out for, I am sure neither myself nor any member of the *Omen* staff really recommends harming hippies and other silly college age Hampsters:

- 1) Replace the M&Ms with prescription pain killers, instruct the trick or treaters to mix with alcohol for best results.
- 2) Insert narrow headed straight pins into an apple and then put that red candy shit on the outside.
- 3) Soak temporary tattoo paper in LSD. In order for this to be really fun use insect tattoos.
- 4) Crush glass and mix it into packets of pop rocks. Remind them not to chew, instead wash down with soda for extra foam.
- 5) Spill no less than one tablespoon of pure mercury into a packet of candy corn. Explain the shininess as a new alien corn.

No one I ever knew got tasty treats like those above. Despite this, every year we were warned. Just so you know, the only one of the foul plots above which I know was real, and not a fabrication of the media, was the acid soaked temporary tattoos. This really happened in my neighborhood in Queens. **Imagine a bunch of tripping seven year olds surrounded by devils, witches, and sheets with eyes cut out**, these of course are only convincing ghost costumes when you are tripping. I even met some of the kids, (I was not one of them.) The person who gave out the dosed tattoos was never caught. So remember to have a safe and fun Halloween. **C**

“What’s in a name” contest winner

by Joe “formally known as” Laycock

I must say that most of the names I’ve received have really sucked. Joe Mahoney, Joe Ron Hubbard, Joe Clinton, Joe Starr, Joe Louinsky, Joe Solar, Joe Lunar, Joe LaShard, Joe Wendigo, Joe Pimpn’Ho, Joe Boy-yar-dee, Joe Boy Joe Plexus, Joe Luke Picard, Joe Crowley, Joe Jemaima, and unfortunately, Joe Mamma. Unfortunately, most of these suggestions were delivered anonymously so **I was unable to shoot those responsible**. The most practical advice I received was to just get a phonebook and find a name I liked.

For awhile I was honestly tempted go with my original idea of “Joe the Mad.” But then, in a strange

twist of fate, I received an E-mail from my father on the exact day that this article was due. Apparently he had been quoted in the paper, and the reporter, incredulous about his last name cited him three times as Doug Lakehawk. My father commented, “Now that I’m a native American, that means you are too. Maybe you can get a scholarship or something.” I don’t have any special attraction to the name Lakehawk, but the eerie coincidence makes me think this is some sort of sign. Thus, the winner of my obnoxious little contest is an anonymous reporter from Austin, Texas. This also saves me the trouble of finding some sort of prize.

Thank you for reading this far. I want to end with a piece of advice; never publish your phone number in the *Omen*. **C**

All Hallows Eve?

Marilyn Manson is scary

by Aemily dara Reshen

In one of my classes the other day we watched some BBC special which answered one of my lifelong questions—Do Vampire Bats Have Friends??? Actually I don’t quite remember what the conclusion was since I already had my own preconceived notions about the fact that no animals can truly have friends, as that it just some ridiculous attribute that humans give to animals when they are bored with their own lives. (ie. Anthropomorphism — when we attribute human personalities or characteristics to things that are NOT human — who says my articles are not learning experiences?) Anyway, I was glad to have finally discovered the truth, as I had planned on having a lengthy, cherished friendship with a vampire bat but since it would probably be a one-sided relationship, (not to mention the fact that their poop has a strong ammonia smell to it) I now know that I should probably just stick to inanimate objects.

So the other day, my pumpkin and I were hanging out, trying to figure out something fun to do when it hit us: Steal....errrr...I mean borrow our mod-mate’s new Marilyn Manson CD, *Mechanical Animals* (that was released some time in September I think.) After the shady exchange took place, pumpkin and I ran back to our room and placed the CD in our stereo and turned it up until the walls were with vibrating with our music (we have

a neighbor that thinks his music is the best and tends to play it so loud that people in China can hear it.) So there we were, just grooving to the music, when pumpkin exclaimed, “God dammit this new CD is catchy!!” Now, pumpkin and I both hate to get all cheesy and gooeey over music, but we were really digging this CD. We had not previously bought it, be-



pumpkin with Marilyn Manson and neat-o blue CD case

cause we had expected Marilyn Manson to suck by now because of the 4 album rule (yes, we do believe it is difficult for bands to have more than three good albums—this does not include singles or remixes—and while there are many cases to the contrary, we LIKE being pessimists!) Anyway, **the second track on the CD, “The Dope Show” was just so damned good, that pumpkin put a dress on and twirled around the room.**

I’m sure that lots of people will scream from roof-

tops about how Marilyn Manson sold out and how they are posers, but fuck them. The same stupid people that will say shit like that are the people who are **too shallow and self-obsessed to even comprehend Marilyn Manson’s lyrics** and the fact that they

are playing with everyone. In fact pumpkin would like to say something to those people. “Go to a dictionary and look up the word mockery. Then find a mirror, gaze into it, and look up the words lame and asshole.” Another great song was “Disassociative,” which I heard was written after Marilyn Manson took some animal tranquilizers or something like that. Basically it was just another great song about

how fake and lame everything truly is. I could probably go on about every song because I think that this album kicked ass, but no one deserves to be blessed with the true power of my intellect. However, I will mention that the album came with this neat-o blue CD case which also serves as a decoder for secret special messages inside (I mean, when was the last time that you got a CD and a decoder for secret special messages FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!?!?). What kind of special secret messages, you ask? Oh, you know things like, “Now children it’s time for recess, please roll up your sleeves.” Happy Fucking Halloween, Hampsters. **C**

Reverse discrimination

by Devan Goldstein

DON'T BE FOOLED!!! The National Young Women's Day of Action (NYWDA) was an oppressive event not to be embraced!!! Here, I shall document three cases in which the NYWDA can be shown to have been an event steeped in views contrary to the equality and freedom of speech and thought that I have been told it tried to promote. My sources here, in terms of the goals and beliefs supported by the NYWDA, are three young women who manned an NYWDA table outside the campus store at 1:30 p.m. on October 22nd.

CASE #1: Oppression by Cookie

At the aforementioned table, cookies were being sold. The prices were as follows: \$.50 for a female customer, or \$.75 for a male customer. This is contrary to the principal of equality. One must not turn to oppression of the oppressor as a means of political enlightenment. This weakens a political platform by reducing one party to the level of the party to which it is opposed.

Furthermore, I am a male with a work-study job. I did not possess this job last semester; therefore I make \$5.25/hour, the same as a female would make for the same duties I carry out. This being true, I, as a male, am being oppressed unduly. I don't take part in the underpayment of women (or the overpayment of men, depending on your point of view), nor do I endorse it. In fact, I oppose it. If I had had only \$.50, I would have been denied a cookie (in fact, I had no money). As explained to me, the central focus of the NYWDA was based on a woman who didn't have enough money for an abortion AND some-

thing else, education-related. The woman chose the education, and died from having an illegal abortion. She didn't have the money to have a safe abortion, she died from an illegal one, and the NYWDA takes place in the month of her death as a memorial to her. Now, I might have been denied a cookie, had I had but \$.50. This implies that for what she was denied, I should be denied something. It makes clear the view that **as a male, I am born into sin. Having a penis, I oppress.** I cannot agree with any of those sentiments, and I hope you feel the same.

There was a note fixed to the table trying to justify the injustice at hand. It told of the fact that a woman still makes \$.75 to a man's \$1.00, for equal work. The weakness of this explanation (besides the fact, if you will, that two wrongs don't make a right, as stated above) lies in mathematical error. In a faithful attempt to represent the injustice of unequal pay, correct proportions should have been used, rather than the simple deduction of \$.25. So, the correct pricing should have been: \$.33 for a female customer, or \$.50 for a male customer, or any other such list that maintains the ratio of 3/4, oppressor/oppressed (I realize how picky I am being with the financial portion of the argument. Stylistically, however, these considerations are necessary for any well-founded political campaign).

CASE #2: Oppression by Taxation

It was, upon my inquiry, explained to me that the central platform of the NYWDA was "a safe, legal abortion for any woman who

wants one, any time, any place [paid for by the federal government]." The context was that the United States Government, which had cut funding for abortion since 1977 (I believe) through the Henry Hyde Act (please forgive any incorrect spelling of his name), should begin to pay for abortions again.

That would mean that I would be taxed, even if I chose to be perfectly celibate, for the abortions of pregnancies over which I had no control. I believe we fought a war with England a few hundred years ago over unfair taxation. The founding members of this nation believed it oppressive and a denial of "certain unalienable rights." Furthermore, "to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men...[and] whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends [the securing of rights], it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it."

"Devan," you might ask me, "can you take a moment's pause from your misinterpretation of the Declaration of Independence?" Can you then explain to me how (since your argument against federal funding for abortion is based on the lack of control you personally had over certain aborted pregnancies, and therefore on your presumed lack of responsibility to pay, through taxes, for those abortions) you view such cases as rape victims who do not want to carry their children to full term?"

I would answer you by saying that I would certainly be opposed to a tax for those abortions for people, such as rape victims and others, who had no control themselves over their pregnancies. It is indeed the responsibility of the

continued on the next page

haiku

by Devan Goldstein

4 Sept 98

I am refreshed
By the
Air-condition bookstore

Heavy-lidded eyes
Don't mind shutting out the world
Picnic on the lawn

Do you like your hair?
Because you should, if you don't.
You should like your hair.

5 Sept 98

Strawberry lip gloss
The hair haiku was to you.
Pinky on my lips

6 Sept 98

What you Said to me
On a Cold and lonely night:
"Glad that you exist"

I remember too
(Although I write right-handed),
When You Heard me Sing

and one from Matsuo Bashō
A bee
staggered out
of the peony.

9 Sept 98

**Did you see
that moment
Passing us by?**

16 Sept 98

Stopped writing Haiku
In Favor of Heady Stuff
Like Psychology.

17 Sept 98

It is not to see
The Realm of the Transcendents
By using your eyes

It is so easy
To Live Life Honestly here.
They're all used to it.

19 Sept 98

hurdy-gurdy man
made a melancholy night
unclear why I'm sad

21 Sept 98

I Am At a place
where people appreciate
my ugly sideburns

22 Sept 98

The Dead Monk is on
Fire, And his brains spill out
onto the pyre.

29 Sept 98

I am eating now
a dry unfriendly bagel
on the way from class



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community to provide for those who truly cannot provide for themselves. I believe that if a woman, having been raped, and being unable to afford a safe abortion, should have the opportunity to get one anyway. I would, however, argue that most of the abortions for which we would be taxed (if the policy of "a [free] safe, legal abortion for any woman who wants one, any time, any place" were adopted) would be due to irresponsibility ("I haven't got a condom, but I don't care") and stupidity ("I can't get pregnant if we do it doggystyle, right?"). There is one simple way to prevent unwanted pregnancies not due to rape and other such factors: Celibacy.

You might now ask, "Devan, why should a woman have to be celibate just to avoid pregnancy?"

I would respond by saying, "She doesn't have to make that decision, but why should I have to pay for the abortion when she doesn't?"

CASE #3: Oppression by Censorship

There is, near Dakin House, a chalk marking on the blacktop path promoting the NYWDA. It says, "If shop mannequins were real women, they would be too thin to menstruate." This is fair enough; ex-

Day of Action

pression of views through a simple forum: Messages on the path. In response, part as a joke in poor taste and part as an experiment, I taped a piece of paper to the ground (and piled rocks on it, to account for wind) directly adjacent to the message. That piece of paper said, **"If real women were shop mannequins, there would be no P.M.S."** I went to my room, took a one-hour nap, and returned to the scene. My note had been removed.

Again, your curious mind asks a question of me: "What does your impromptu experiment demonstrate, Devan?" Clearly, it demonstrates that the concept of free speech is foreign to those in support of the NYWDA. I used the same forum for discussion as did the promoter, and yet my right to free speech was taken from me.

While the National Young Women's Day of Action has noble intentions, it is clearly an event which, in some ways, supports oppression and other fascist tendencies. If you disagree, I invite your comments.



Repent, ye sinners, it's the PASTA FROM HELL!

First in a series of Omen articles of the soon-to-come Apocalypse witnessed by The Righteous Reverend Felix Roy Mariposa (Prophet)

My only thought as I hit the deck to dodge the shrapnel flying through the air was, "Yep. Exploding lasagna. DEFINITELY a sign of the coming Apocalypse."

Evidently I said this aloud, because our erstwhile chef, Helga, a stern member of the fanatical militant wing of the 4-H club, deflecting lethal shards of airborne death with a skillet in each hand screamed back over the sound of ricochets off of Corningware, "It's manicotti! (kapwing!) Not Lasagna! (kapwing, kapwing!) A vegetarian (kapwing!) manicotti! (kapwing!) You urbanite bastard! (kapwow!)"

This was not the time to argue about it, especially with someone who had "If you enjoyed a good meal today, thank a farmer!" tattooed across the back of her hands, so I returned to kissing the formica with a zest and passion for life. Others around me also ducked for cover around the kitchen like West Coast rappers at the Apollo Theatre.

Sure, I had heard that 300-level courses can be killers, but this was too literal for my tastes. How had a weekly dinner seminar in the Dakin Living Room turn into Anitpastolypse Now?

"Hmmm... I love the smell of pasta in the morning," declared our professor, a Hampster Farmer of 28 years who strode through the kitchen, unphased. He didn't even notice that our three off-campus guests, from the two Ladies' Finishing Schools of the

Valley had been reduced by the horrors of the culinary battlefield to a paralytic state, shrieking in terror, until tackled for their own good by sterner Hampshire students, who had been hardened by the daily reenactments of Dresden that we just called SAGA.

When the last shards of glass had flown off of the freshly-exploded we had all erroneously assumed to be PYREX (a registered trademark of the Dow Corning Chemical Corporation), we survivors of this sudden explosion of oregano-scented chaos began picking ourselves off the floor, all silently praying the puddles on the kitchen floor hadn't come out of us.

by Alexandra Kirsch

"Hmmm... indeed," our professor intoned, taking in the seen with utter blasé. "This never would've happened if we had used a Pesto Cube™."

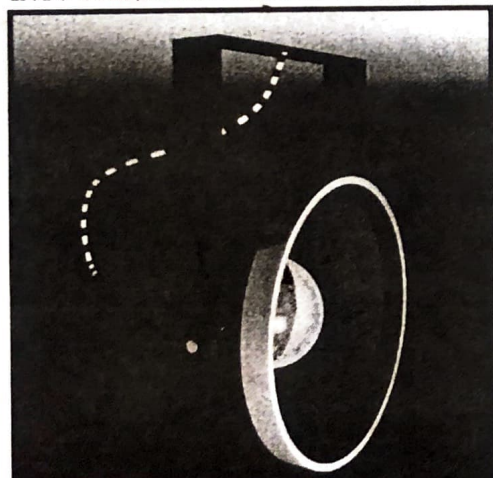
"A Pesto Cube?" I asked, incredulous at his serenity in the face of a pasta related massacre. He corrected me — "No, a Pesto Cube™" — as an until-then unexploded piece of Italian ordnance burst, sending more tomato-sauce drenched shards in my direction. From the prone position on the floor I had just returned to, I continued, "What in the name of all that is holy is a Pesto Cube™?"

"Hmmm, well, a Pesto
continued on the next page

email answers to: akirsch@hamp

ALEXANDRA'S QUESTION OF THE WEEK

Why are so many of the art students here competitive about their work?



Last weeks question brought me more than forty emails all of which agreed that yes, SAGA causes diarrhea.

Hampshire, Satan, and You!

by Brady Burroughs

Knowledge is not enough." No, not a paraphrasing of "To know is not enough" (non satis non scire) the Hampshire motto, but rather the opening sentence to "The Details Make the Difference" essay 52 in the posthumously released book *Satan Speaks!* by Anton LaVey — founder of the Church of Satan. What! Satanism and our beloved PC rife, good-will extolling center for higher learning are related?! After rereading the book, I came across several more pieces of evidence beyond the aforementioned "coincidental" quote.

In 1969, *The Satanic Bible* was released. This was also the year that marked the birth of Hampshire College. Both items caused controversy and celebration in the lives of many people. Both eschewed conservative ideals for a more liberal, freethinking, and unorthodox manner of thinking/education. They both gave those who never quite fit in a chance at expressing themselves.

Sentiment and sappiness aside, not all evidence is as positive as that. In essay 50, Dr. LaVey explains why he doesn't bathe and how it is against his reli-

continued from the previous page

Cube™ is like a bouillon cube, hmmm, only it makes pesto. Hmmm, I co-invented that little honey with one of my communist comrades. For parts of the country where pesto isn't readily available. Hmmm... don't steal my idea or I'll bugger you with a radish on a broomhandle."

I reeled. Not at the professorial threat, drawn as it was from Aristophanes, but at the existence of such a green polyhedron as this Pesto Cube™ of which he spoke. Could it be? Two signs of the coming apocalypse, no more than fifteen minutes apart? I was detecting a Mediterranean theme in these dark omens; perhaps we would come upon the Final Seal inside a cardboard pizza box, delivered with seven golden vials of Garlic Butter.

"I ahm bah-ack!" our heavily accented character announced, just as the fury of Neapolitan cuisine erupted in its final act of merciless violence. As if guided by the left hand of ven-

gious principles. Now I don't want to point fingers -- you know who you are, we know who you are, but **is keeping up with basic grooming habits too hard to ask?**

Maybe people are trying to look this way while still keeping up with hygiene, but it seems unlikely.

If judging by dress-styles alone, most of the Hampshire community seems hopelessly stuck in the past, everyone seems to emulate one form of nostalgia or another. It should not surprise anyone then that Anton LaVey advocates living in the past—albeit more obsessive than the academic fashion-victims of Hampshire tend to do, but emulate the past he does indeed support.

All well and good you might say, but here's the dick-kicker: the Hampshire tree logo, after the removal of 3 sets of 2 leaves (total: 6; does 666 ring a bell?) the once robust flora now resembles the upside-down pentagram for which Satanism is so well noted. Think about THAT the next time you decide to hold one of your fucking peace-nick drum circles at the damn thing....

Holy Macaroni!

Bad things come in threes, I should have remembered, for at the same time I heard the front door of the Dakin Living Room open, I noticed the lasagna ("Manicotti, dammit!" shrieked Helga, cracking four of her knuckles and letting me see they each had "H" crudely branded into them) start to bubble again with an ominous gurgle.

Oh no — our swarthy Spanish associate, sent off on some errand or another to keep him occupied, was now just returning. You don't get much more Mediterranean than he.

"HIT THE DECK!" I shouted, trying to fulfill my sacred duty of preserving life. "IT'S THE BIG ONE!"

"I ahm bah-ack!" our heavily accented character announced, just as the fury of Neapolitan cuisine erupted in its final act of merciless violence. As if guided by the left hand of ven-

geance, the trajectory of the last glass shard was true.

"¡Ahh! ¡Mi ojo!" he wailed, as I soberly reflected that the oft-quoted parental caution held no meaning for us, because there were no fun and games here before his eye was put out.

At this point there was only one thing left to do. With a plate in one hand a spatula in the other, I set about scraping some of the glass-encrusted main course off the wall. The rest of the group, too shell-shocked to be alarmed, watched mutely.

"Mmm, good. Pasta de la Morte. The shards make it crunchy. Tasty lasagna."

And the last thing I remember is the ululating battle cry of the 4-H Club as the skillet was driven into my skull with a scream of "DAMNIT, IT'S A VEGETARIAN MANI-COTTI!!!"

RICK and SAURUS in FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER FOUR
THE ENIGMATIC
DOCTOR NEUTRON

JC
98

